

The most lamentable Tragedie

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madame he comforts you,
Can make you greater then the Queene of *Gothes*;
Launina you are not displeas'd with this.

Launina. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobilitie,
Warrants these words in princely curtesie.

Satur. Thanks sweete *Launina*, Romans let vs goe,
Raunfomes heere we set our prisoners free,
Proclaime our honours Lords with trumpe and Drum.

Bassianus. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this maid is mine.

Titus. How sir, are you in earnest then my Lord?

Bassia. I noble *Titus*, and resolu'd withall,
To doe my selfe this reason and this right.

Marcus. *Sum cuiquam* is our Romane iustice,
This Prince in iustice ceazeth but his owne.

Lucius. And that he will and shall, if *Lucius* liue.

Titus. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours gard?
Treason my Lord, *Launina* is surprisde.

Satur. Surprisde, by whome?

Bassia. By him that iustly may
Beare his betrothd, from all the world away.

Mutius. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my sword Ile keepe this doore safe.

Titus. Follow my Lord, and Ile soone bring her back.

Mutius. My Lord you passe not heere.

Titus. What villaine boy, barst me my way in Rome?

Mutius Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kills him.*

Lucius. My Lord you are vniust, and more then so,
In wrongfull quarrell you haue slaine your sonne.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he are any sonnes of mine,
My sonnes would neuer so dishonour me.

Traytor restore *Launina* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promist loue.

Enter

of Titus Andronicus

Enter aloft the Emperour with his
sonnes, and Ar

Emperour, No *Titus*, no, the
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of
Ile trust by leisure him that mo
Thee neuer, nor thy trayterous
Confederates all thus to dishon
Was none in Rome to make a f
But *Saturnine*? Full well And
Agree these deeds, with that p
That saidst I begd the Empire

Titus. O monstrous, what r

Satur. But goe thy wayes, g
To him that flourishd for her v
A valiant sonne in law thou sh
One, fit to bandy with thy law
To ruffle in the Common-wea

Titus. These words are razor

Satur And therefore louely
That like the stately *Thebe* mo
Dost ouershine the gallant'st D
If thou be pleas'd with this my f
Behold I choose thee *Tamora* fo
And will create thee Emperess
Speake Queene of *Gothes* dost
And heere I sweare by all the
Sith Priest and holy water are f
And tapers burne so bright, an
In readines for *Hymeneus* stand
I will not resalute the streets of
Or climemy Pallace, til from f
I lead espousde my Bride along

Tamora. And heere in sight c
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen

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